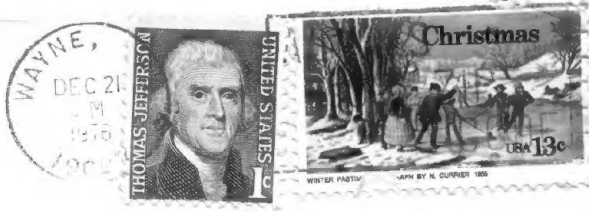
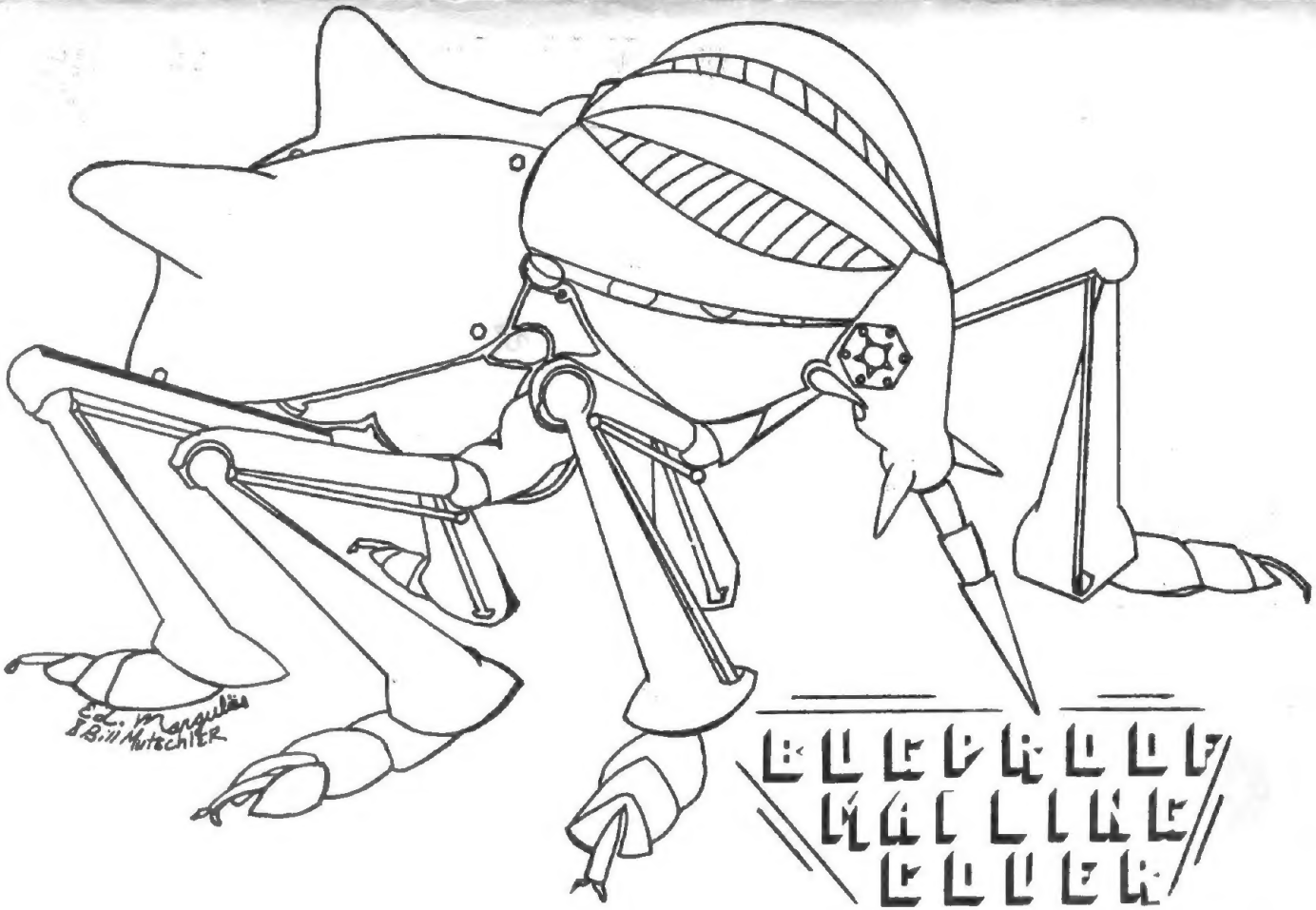
ENTROPY COSMIX
500 Crestview Rd
Wayne, PA 19087



TO:

Ken Meyer, Jr.
1301 E. 4100 So., Rm 503
Ogden, Utah
84403

Third Class Mail


Ed. Mangulia
& Bill Mutchler
BUCKAROO
MALLINE
BOWER

UNITED FANZINE ORGANIZATION CHECKLIST

The UNITED FANZINE ORGANIZATION, the UFO, is a co-op of fanzine editors who've gotten together to mutually aid each other in the production and advertisement of their zines and to promote higher quality. The members trade zines with each other and receive free advertising via the UFO Checklist, whichappears in each member zine. The UFO polices its own ranks, and should a member zine fall below the level of quality each member is required to maintain, it is quickly expelled. Faneds considering joining the group should contact its current chairman, Kurt Erichsen, for details.

BATMANIA #22-- Batmania is one of the oldest fanzines around and is now edited by Rich Morrissey. Overall this is a good zine, but its interest lies primarily in those fans of you know, him. So, if you have interest on any level in 'you know who', I greatly reccomend this zine. $1.00, 24 pgs. all offset from Richard Morrissey.

BULLDOG #9-- I haven't seen this issue myself, but I'll try to tell you what I know about it. Bulldog deals with newspaper strips, and is most likely a must for that particular fan group. Besides articles on Russ Manning's first TARZAN story, PRINCE VALIANT, and information on current strips and their producers, Bulldog also has a lengthy ad section that should be a real find for the strip fan. This issue's cover is by Don Herron; this issue issue is thirty pages with the article section being offset and the ads mostly mimeo; 50¢ from Steve Kristiansen.

ENDEAVOR #10-- Ron Harris, Paul Chadwick, Bill Morse, and Neil Riahle are featured on this issue's cover's. Endeavor is a fiction/strip/artzine, this issue featuring Wayne Carey's novella, "Black Future", Kurt Erichsen's "Little Fantasies", which is about a fan who gets an interesting offer: mint ECs for 10¢ each! Also included with this issue is the UFO Awards strip, which hands out the awards for the best UFO fanzines of 1975 to UFO editors and their contributors--- who appear in funny animal guise! Other strips include Dave McDonnell's STRANGE BUT UNNATURAL PRACTICES and A MATTER OF ART by Kurt Erichsen and Tim Lynch, which announces a new artistic approach to dentistry! Additional artwork is by John Onada, Cliff Kurowski, Angus MacLeod, and Rod Snyder. 104 (!) pages; offset, mimeo, and ditto. Available from editor Kurt Erichsen for $1.40. This comes with a high personal reccomendation, and is certainly the best word-buy for your money in fandom.

FANGS #1. The fanzine with biting comments! It's a new fan discussion /news fanzine. This issue starts off with some remarks about comments about comics as well as fanzine reviews and other info on the editor's personal likes and dislikes. #1 is available free for a #10 SASE. 8 pages, ditto, from Mike Canuel.

FREE FALL #7-- This is a genzine with a personal approach. Features include Paul Chadwick discussing Kirby and his techniques. Other features are articles on Roddenberry and TV writing, "The World of Midguard", skydiving, stories about comics, plus cartoons by Mercy Van Vlack. Covers by Paul Chadwick and Rick McCollum. Offset, mimeo and ditto. 28 pgs., 50¢ from Micheal Main.

GRAPHIC VISIONS #4-- Each issue features a collection of in-depth articles about comics characters, trends in comics, and fannish affairs. This issue: "The Greatest Super-Villains of Three Earths" by R. Morrissey, a look at the old TARZAN comics by Bob Mosher, and Jay Zilber's "Update" on the subject of revivals along with comparisons

(continued on inside back mailing cover)

of the new versions with their original incarnations. Rich Bruning takes a look at all the art portfolios that are being published (late) these days. Art by Caldwell, Day, Grell, and Black. 52 pages, offset, $1.25 from Chris Lomelino.

OZARK FANDOM #6-- A nicely laid out and produced ½mimeo, ½ offset 8½x14 zine featuring reviews, Lester Boutillier's ALIENATING CRITIC, a short story by the editor and L. Lisiewicz, and more. 20¢ or 6 for $1.00. Send the money to Chris Rock, editor.

RADION #4... Covers by Black, Fujitake, Cuti, and Kupperburg/Hazelwood. A talk with Cuti, Sanho Kim's assistant, and J. Childress, not all at the same time! More by pro's and fans. Offset, 28 pgs. 65¢ from Tom Mason.

SYZYGY #3-- Art and fiction zine. Fan fiction with art by K. W. Raney III, Gustave Dore, Meugniot, Erichsen, and others. Poetry section plus letters and editorial comments. Limited to 500 numbered copies. 32 offset pages, $1.50 from Ron Baker.

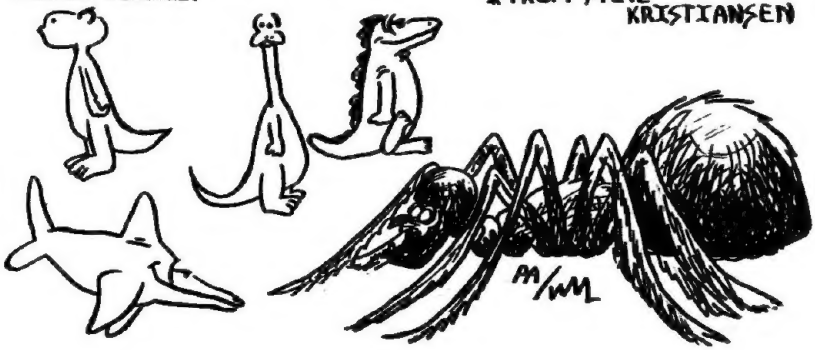
TALES OF THE DUPLICATOR #3-- Fan fiction about fans and satire sums this one up. Writing by the editor , a "Crudscene" parody, plus fan art. 42 pgs., ditto, 45¢ from Greg Swan.

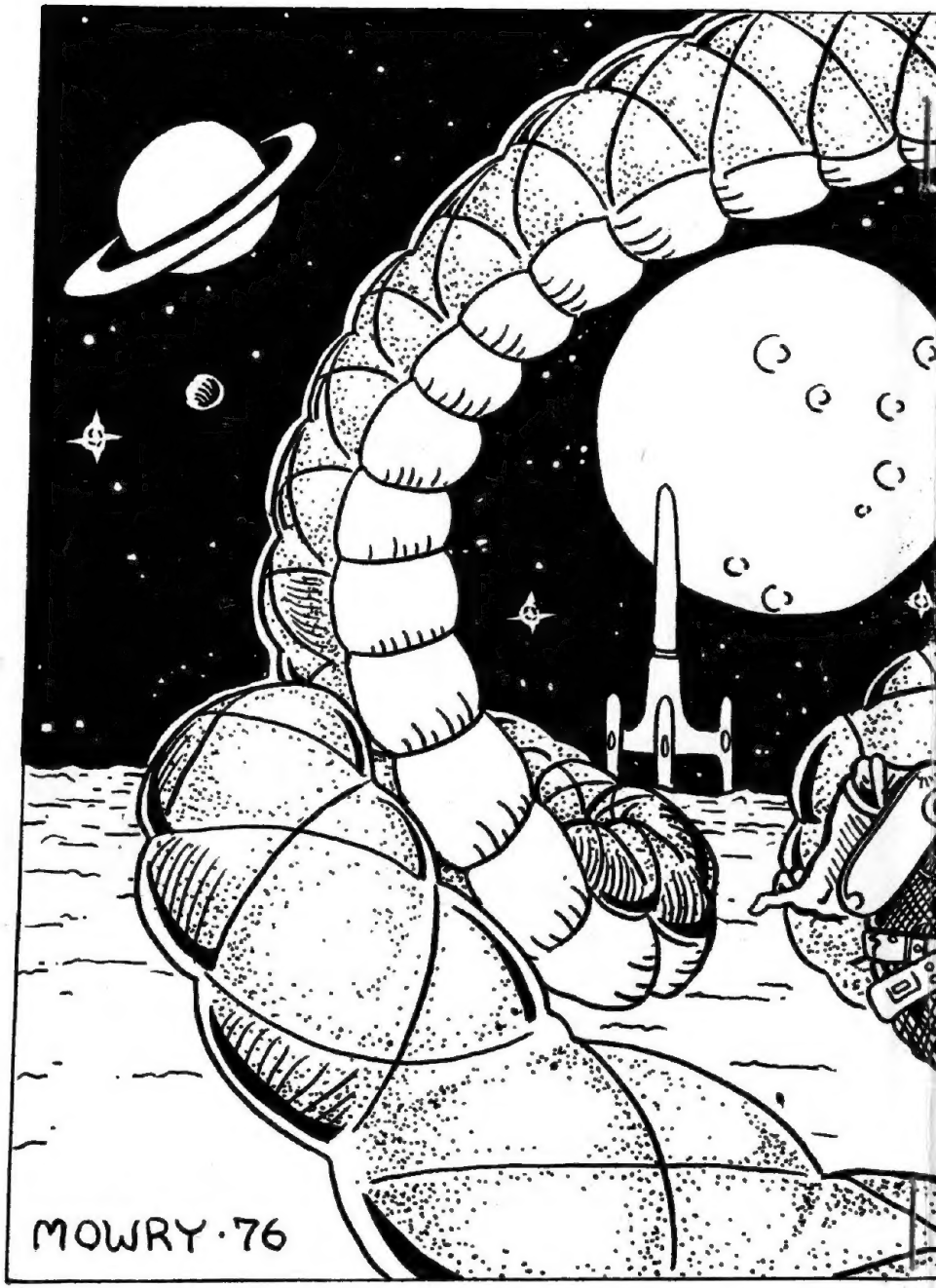
UFO CATALOGUE OF ZINES #2-- A better look at UFO zines for Spring '76. 9 pgs. ditto, available from members for 15¢.

ADDRESSES: Ron Baker, 3558 College Sta., Fredericksburg, VA, 22401 Mike Canuel, 9054 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy. 3-F, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209 Kurt Erichsen, 1580 W. Myrtle Ave., Coos Bay, Ore. 97420 Don Fortier-see letters pg. this ish, Chris Lomelino, 1843 Brian Ln., Springfield, Ill. 62703. Vincent Kimszal, 1400 S. Stiles St., Linden, N.J. 07036, Steve Kristiansen, Box 368, Lynwood, Wa. 98036. Jim Main, 85A Prospect Hill Rd., New Milford, Conn. 06776. Steve Keeter, 107 Abse Rd, Greenville, N.C. 27834. Mike Main, 36 Observatory Ct., Pullman , Wa., 99136. Tom Mason, 705 Draper Rd., Blacksburg, VA 24060. Rich Morrissey, 55 Claudette Cr., Frmingham, Mass. 01701. Bill Mutschler- you better know that one, Chris Rock, Rt. 2. Box 265, Mountain Grove, Mo. 65711, Greg Swan, 555 N. Miller, Mesa, Ar. 85203.

STILL AVAILABLE:::: BATMANIA # 19, 20, $1.00 each from Rich Morrissey. BULLDOG 7, 8, 75¢ each from Steve Kristiansen. ENDEAVOR 7, 8, 9, $1.50, 50¢, and $1.00 respectively from Kurt Erichsen. FREE FALL 1-6, 50¢ each from Mike Main. FURION 1, 2, 3, 25¢ each or all for 50¢.*GRAPHEX 2, 3 and ENTROPY COSMIX 1,2, 80¢, 80¢, 40¢ and 75¢ respectively from Bill Mutschler. GRAPHIC VISIONS 1, 2, 3, 60¢ each from Chris Lomelino, OZARK FANDOM 2, 3, 15¢ each and #5 20¢ from Chris Rock. SYZYGY 1, 2, $1.50 each from Ron Baker. TALES OF THE DUPLICATOR 1, 2, 35¢ each from Greg Swan. COMIX UNLIMITED 1, 60¢ from Vincent Kimszal.

*FROM STEVE KRISTIANSEN

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CosmiX
#2
75¢

UFO
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FALL '76 ISSUE
A UFO QUALITY ZINE

2

Bill Mutschler/GRAPHEX with INTER-FAN presents ENTROPY COSMIX 2

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UFO Checklist – inside mailing cover

ART CREDITS P=pencils Inks=I B=both
/Paul Absi, inside back mailing wrapper P/Rick Burchett, pgs. 29-38 I/John Byrne, pg. 39P/Sam De La Rosa, pgs. 2I, 20-27I/Tim Herzog, pgs. 3, 13-15 and back outside mailing wrapper, allP/Alan Limacher, 4P, 14B, 39I/Ed Margulies, outside front wrapper P/Rick McCollum, 19P/Jim McPherson, 19I/Ken Meyer Jr., 5B, 13B/Dave Mowry,Cover B/ Bill Mutschler, all mailing wrapper I, 3,4,13-15, all I, 28B/Bill Neville, 2P, 6-12B, 16I, 20-27P, 29-38P/T. Sciacca, 16I/Rod Snyder, 4B, 5B.

The following artists and their corresponding writers (if any) ARE having Inter-Fan work in this issue: R. Burchett, S. De La Rosa, R. McCollum, Jim McPherson, B. Neville, T. Sciacca.

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DOUBLE TALK

Let's just say that this issue of ENTROPY COSMIX (EC) is a bit weird. "Weird?" you're probably questioning if you have see the first issue, this stuff is straight by comparison. Please bear with me for a while so that I can fill you in on some background info. Shortly after the forgettable GRAPHEX (GX) #1, I dreamily concieved an underground fantasy comic that dealt with mind bending seemingly drug induced topics that had a dash of philosophy as well. Things just never got moving and the project got lost deep in my subconcious.

Along came Bill Morse, who according to latest rumor is working for DC in their production department. At the time, Bill was trying to get experience by doing work for every zine across the land. He was enthusiastic about working up some stories for me, especially since I was the first fan editor around who would print half-tones. Unfortunately, I didn't give him a solid deadline. Deadlines usually mean little to fans, but it does give us something to aim for, right? So, I waited, and waited, and waited.

Bill again got a hold of me during the production of the semi-forgettable GX #2. He said that he had a lengthy story that he wanted printed soon because he was tired of another procrastinating publisher's excuses. EC came into the picture somehow and plans were made. As things turned out, they didn't turn out!

At that time, material was coming in that appeared to fit the idea that I was setting for EC. EC was to be a zine of cosmic ideas. I threw in a few non-cosmic fillers and produced EC #1 in a matter of a few weeks time, while issues of GX take months! Funny thing though, because after two unsuccessful tries with GX, EC got me voted into the United Fanzine Organization. This co-op of fan publishers is more fully explained on the inside of your mailing wrapper. I might as well warn you that if you try to throw it away, countless numbers of little green men and bug eyed monsters bearing Philadelphia brand Legionnaire's disease will bivouac in your bedroom.

I have a great deal of interest in 'cosmic thinking', but after the first issue future material just wasn't coming in. The only items that I did get was a sequel to his 'Godsmeet' (EC #1) story entitled 'Across the Universe' from the

now vanished Rick McCollum. As it turned out, I used it in GX #3. Frank Watson sent a very short story, and it's used -seemingly out of place- in this issue.

Enter one Steve Clement, part time comic's writer and head honcho of Inter-Fan. Interfan is an organization put together to make material available for publishers as well as putting together their own projects. I talked with Steve during my short trip to the '76 Comic Art Con. I couldn't help but notice the stacks of material that were justing sitting there trying to do their best to not get trampled by Tim Herzog, George Perez, Pete Iro, Steve, myself, and who knows who else! Heh, I said in an eager tone, this is my last year with an opportunity to print things myself at cost, and I want to make good use of it. Besides, it was a shame to see all that material doing nothing, stagnating. He agreed to send me some things to print.

The first (hear that Steve-buddy, first, hint-hint) package came along in late August, and most of that parcel is contained herein. (Contrary to popular belief, I do not print everything in sight and I most certainly don't have a secret stock of outdated crudzines from which I pirate material.) A few other items that were on hand were added in to round out the issue. It would have been nice to use the I-F stuff in GX, but I wanted to get it printed as soon as possible. Readers are expecting the second half of the Moench-McGregor in the next issue of GX, and that interview at this moment is being gone over with fine editorializing hands by no one else but Doug Moench himself. So, by doing things the way that they are, I hoped to have disappointed only a few people, if any.

As you may well notice, much of the material for this issue is the handicraft of Bill Neville. (Bill seems to be the going surname of the moment around here.) I'd like to make particular note of his fine efforts at this point. This issue could have been a special-non-cosmic-Bill-Neville-Inter-Fan issue, but I prefer being longwinded inside my zines instead of on the cover where I might frighten people away. Special thanks are also due Steve Clement, but I think that we could go on forever thanking each other. As Steve put it,"We enjoy being published as much as you enjoy doing a fanzine!" More appreciation goes out to all those unnamed folks lurking out there who know me in one way or the other, preferably on a friendly basis. Ah, but I have to start wrapping things up here, because I can see all those bleary eyes and bored looking yawns.

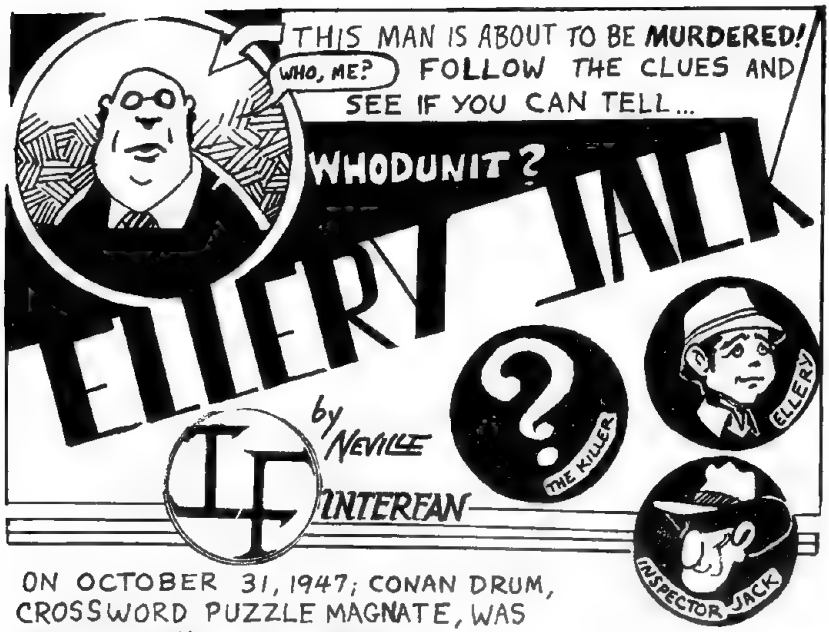
Whither EC? A few rather promising cosmic projects are in the works, but it'll be some time before they see print. In the meantime, things might just start cooking between Inter-Fan and GRAPHEX and who can predict what unghodly offspring could result?

Best,

-Bill Mutschler

Bill Mutschler
9/2/76

Fancy this, the bottom of the page no less!!!!



ON OCTOBER 31, 1947; CONAN DRUM, CROSSWORD PUZZLE MAGNATE, WAS WADDLING HOME FROM WORK WHEN...

SOON...
AS CORONER, LEON, WHAT DOES THE BODY TELL YOU?
NOT MUCH! HE'S DEAD!
ELLERY ARRIVES...
HEE HEE HEE
HI, DAD! HEY, LOOKIT THAT! THE STIFF'S HOLDING A CANDY CANE!
THINK IT'S A CLUE?
BAR
Chez Neville
MAYBE... OR HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN HUNGRY! SEE THOSE HOLES IN HIS TUMMY?
YOU'RE NO MORE HELP THAN LEON!
THE CANDY CANE IS A CLUE TO THE NAME OF THE KILLER.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
THIS IS AN ELLERY JACK STORY! THE VICTIM IS REQUIRED TO LEAVE A CLUE OR HE CAN'T DIE!
WHO DUN IT?
ELLERY JACK A CASE OF ATTACHE
LATER...
SO YOU'RE ANDY ECCAN, MR. DRUM'S ATTORNEY?
I'M INSPECTOR JACK! WHO DID DRUM LEAVE HIS MONEY TO?
...TO BE SPLIT EQUALLY AMONG ANY SURVIVING RELATIVES (TWO NIECES) ETC. AND SO FORTH...
A. ECCAN

WHAT?
THE REAL RICKEY RODENT, CARTOONIST DANNY ACE! AND A MORE OBNOXIOUS PERSON YOU'LL NEVER MEET!
THAT I DOUBT.
SO...
MR. ACE?
DANNY C. ACE, AT YOUR SERVICE. WHAT SERVICE DO YOU BELONG TO? SAY, I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE DETECTIVE RICHARD JACK, AREN'T YOU?
YES, I...
WHAT'S UP, DICK DICK?
THERE'S BEEN A PECULIAR MURDER!
POLICE
THEN I MUST BE DEAD! I'M THE MOST PECULIAR PERSON I KNOW, EXCEPT FOR YOU!
MR. ACE! CONAN DRUM IS DEAD!
CONAN DEAD? THE BARBARIAN! HE'S DEAD? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS ALIVE! THAT MEANS I CAN RUN THE COMICS PUBLISHING PART OF THIS COMPANY MY WAY NOW! NO MORE SWEAT SHOP! THIS IS GONNA BE A HIGH CLASS PERSPIRATION PARLOR NOW! DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T STOPPED TALKING SINCE YOU CAME IN HERE? YOU MUST HAVE BEEN VACCINATED WITH A PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE!
INSULT A MAN
POLICE
OUR FOUNDER

FOOF! ECCAN AND ACE CLAIM THEY WERE WORKING LATE ALONE! THE NIECES SAY THEY WERE WITH EACH OTHER! NOT A DECENT ALIBI IN THE LOT! MAYBE THEY'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER!
I KNOW WHO DID -- I MEAN DONE IT!
I SUPPOSE YOU WANT EVERYONE TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM FOR THE BIG FINISH?
BUT, OF COURSE!
NYPD
OKAY, WHERE DO YOU WANT 'EM?
THE MORGUE.
WHAT TH'...?
I WANT ALL OF US TO BE THERE - EVEN DRUM!
COME ON - TELL ME WHO DONE IT!
NOPE! BUT KEEP IN MIND THAT TONIGHT IS HALLOWEEN, CONAN WAS HOLDING A CANDY CANE, AND DON'T FORGET THE DRUM AFFINITY FOR WORD GAMES!
POLIC
U.S. MAIL
BUT EVERYONE'S NAME IS AN ANAGRAM FOR CANDY CANE!
HOLD IT! ON THE NEXT PAGE I'M GOING TO NAME THE KILLER! CAN YOU GUESS WHO DONE IT? ALL THE CLUES ARE IN THE STORY!

AT THE MORGUE...
FIRST, WHY WAS DRUM KILLED TONIGHT? BECAUSE ON HALLOWEEN, ANYONE CAN WEAR A DISGUISE AND GO UNNOTICED, CARRYING A BAG OF CANDY. BUT OUT OF ALL KINDS OF CANDY THE KILLER HAD IN THE BAG, CONAN CHOSE A CANDY CANE FOR HIS DYING CLUE!
NANCY! WOULD YOU CONSIDER A CANDY CANE A HALLOWEEN CANDY?
NAW, I ONLY GET 'EM AT CHRISTMAS!
SO MAYBE HE WAS SAYING "MERRY CHRISTMAS! FELIZ NAVIDAD! JOYEUX NOEL!"
AS IN NOEL THE COWARD, WHO WASN'T REALLY KILLED IN THE WAR! HE DESERTED AND CAME BACK TO THIS COUNTRY!
GULP!
WHILE OUR BOYS WERE ON THE FRONT, HE SHAVED HIS HEAD, GREW A MOUSTACHE, PUT ON GLASSES, AND CHANGED HIS NAME. HE FINAGLED HIS WAY INTO A COMFORTABLE JOB. AND, WITH THE DRUM LOVE OF WORDS, HIS NEW NAME WAS AN ANAGRAM FOR NOEL. RIGHT, LEON?
SOB! IT'S TRUE!
HE WOULD HAVE CHANGED HIS WILL TO EXCLUDE ME HAD HE KNOWN I WAS ALIVE...
WANT A LAWYER?
HOW DID YOU FIGURE THAT ONE OUT?
WHEN WE GOT TO THE NEXT TO THE LAST PAGE AND YOU STILL SUSPECTED ALL THE OTHERS, THAT TOLD ME NONE OF THEM WERE GUILTY!
ONCE I KNEW THAT, THE REST WAS EASY!
END

LETTERPAGES

-- EC was an enjoyable zine. The Bill Morse art was better than his stuff I've seen previously, but his art needs work.(Look who's talking.) I once read a story by him in FANTASY #1 about mad vampires who attacked cows. It was awful. Both of your pieces were well written and interesting, and the centerfold wasn't bad. "Godsmeet" was also good, Rick's art was nice.

Alan Limacher
2159 Neil St.
Victoria, B.C.
Canada V8R 3E3

** I usually consider it poor taste when zine editors print letters, but Alan only started contributing after he saw EC #1. As it turns out, most of the people who write Loc's are active fans and eventually contribute. So all you non-active type folks out there, get out those pencils!!!!!** (+FROM CONTAIBUTORS)

-- I'm writing since you want comments, but before I say anything else, I feel I have my money's worth and think you should publish more. The "Faded Love" section was rather interesting, but no sense printing something just because you have it. You know, more EDITTING.

Tok Guat Arthur Aw
P.O. Box 11032
Honolulu, Hawaii
96814

** Fancy name you have there. My stand as editor gets tighter as time goes by, but I can see no reason for not using that particular tale. People may have been unfamiliar with the premise on which it was based, (I was), but overall it was a good piece of fannish work. Some people seem to think that all fanzines should look 'pro'. How hypocritical. When I first started getting zines, I thought that even the very good ones had poor art. And then when I put out my first efforts, weeelll, let's not talk about those monstrosities. But, how many pro stories do you deeply enjoy instead of just reading for the sake of it? How many fans are truly serious about being commercial of any sort. How experienced are most fans?

I'm not defending poor quality work- I always believe in what I publish at the time. It's just that too quickly people forget the fun nature of fandom. When people criticize in what I consider an unjust way of a novel idea that I consider competently done, I get disappointed in people. I'm not getting down on you Art, it's attitudes in general. Sure, I can criticize things intelligently way beyond what I could ever hope to do, and I realize that most criticism can only lead to improvement. However, I'm also sure to appreciate the good aspects of things as well as the bad.

The subject of quality brings up some more interesting thoughts. Starting from the absolute bottom like most fan-eds, I aim for constant improvement in my zines. However, stories are now near completion by Tim Herzog and Pete Iro that are as near professional as you can get. I'd be hard put to try and beat their material. To improve after them would either mean waiting for them to finsh another story-if they're still available- , trying to find comprable talent, (which is unlikely and still a long wait) or start paying ridiculous prices for pro work. So, while I like the best quality I can find, I like the fun too. I'll continue putting out the best I can, and hopefully keep improving. OK? That's all the struggling editorial gripes you'll hear until the next letter.

--Thanks for returning my artwork so promptly and thanks for taking such good care of it-I wish that most of the fanzines I deal with were so courteous. It's a pleasure working with you.

Rick McCollum
317 Probasco
Cin., Ohio 45220

** Thanks for the kind words, I only wish that I could get in contact with you. Unfortunately now that I'm dealing with so much material on a faster basis and starting to refuse stuff, I can't return things quite as 'instantaneously' as I did before. I'll keep trying though.

--I didn't care much for the stories, but the art was fairly good and the stories were well done. I liked the pic on the inside back cover, it was deep. Overall I liked it. (If I don't seem too excited, it's because I'm not. I'm very picky and if I say I liked it that's as high on the scale as anything goes.)

Dan Watson
EWIGKEIT
1520 Hedge Rd.
Champaign, IL 61820

** Did you like the fictional rather than the graphic stories or vice-versa? Best of luck on your projects.

--Got EC #1...not bad. Don't apologize for the art: it was loads better than most amateur art, and I felt the best part of your zine. It's kind of strange: I've been waiting for McCollum to tell a story behind one of his drawings, and when he does it is an alleghory...almost a cliche.

Matter of fact, the feeling I get reading your zine is not one of S-F, fantasy, comix...but rather the dissection of religious belief. Not that it isn't a valid topic of discussion; I've gotten into the philosophy of religion kind of heavy myself at times. It is an interesting--but extremely complicated---area. I would hate to see it mishandled by being treated too simplistically.

However, on the other hand, if you can narrow the theme of the zine to a cosmic scope (albeit seemingly a contradiction in terms) you might have a pretty heavy fanzine. But successful... I don't know: Is fandom ready for Herbie as a cosmic figure?

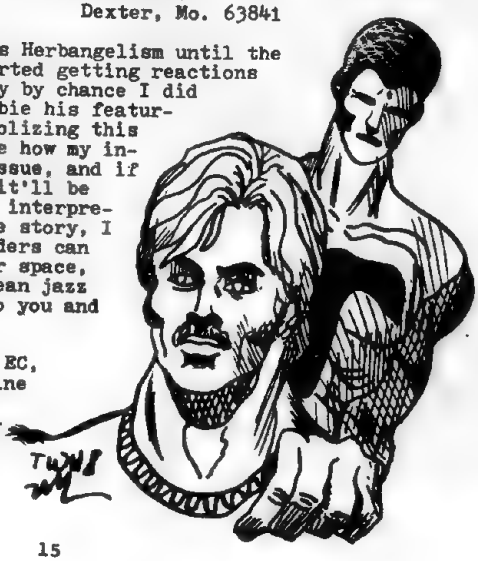
Maybe.

I hear there's a religion called "Herbangelism" that recognizes Herbie as the creator of the universe. Read the current issues of Warlock and Doctor Strange, and the letter sections in each and we see those very topics discussed--as well as in the old Thor comix (in the days of Kirby-Lee collaboration). And of course those kind of questions have always been at the core of science fiction.

I found no note with my EC, so I assume you are looking for stories. Trying to keep in line with the tone set by the first issue, I have included a story--allegory, a bit of fantasy--discussing the cosmic questions. It is admittedly experimental--a form many fanzine editors shy away from. If Herbie on the cover symbolizes your zine, then it would fit right in.

Frank Watson
204 Crane
Dexter, Mo. 63841

**I had never come across Herbangelism until the publication of EC #1 and started getting reactions from various fans. Apparently by chance I did the proper thing by give Herbie his featured place. As for Herbie symbolizing this zine, 'fraid not. You can see how my intent got pushed aside this issue, and if my set format ever returns, it'll be more in line with your other interpretations above. Thanks for the story, I appreciate it and I hope readers can too. If I get the time and/or space, I'll try to explain my European jazz adventure this past summer to you and readers.



--Thanks for the copy of EC, which seems to fit the "fanzine mold" better than GRAPHEX. It is overdependent on uncorrelated "art", but that can be fixed with a few pages of miscellaneous scribblings. The format is the most important thing, and I hope

T. Scuncca 75
CWMN

you'll pattern future issues after this premiere.

Until recently, the only Bill Morse work I'd seen was an illo in GV #3. Now I've got two strips: your FADED LOVE (an excellent exercise in ESP) and COSMIC BOREDOM in Brian Gray's CLASSIC MOVIE MONSTERS #4 (a symbolic sort of whimsy). By the way, CMM is not what its title implies, at least not in #4.

I hope to see more of Morse in the future. His art is quite striking! So are his illos HERBIE, AFTERMATH, and LOOK...but as a fan I am not really into artwork for it's own sake. You really ought to use some that have significance besides the symbolic.

ODYSSEY was a familiar theme, but was competently written. I remember reading a story with this plot in a recent SF anthology, but I can't remember which book it was. The pro tale was just a little longer than yours. The Marquiss full-pager doesn't do much for the story,though. Why not an illo to illustrate part of the story (say, a satellite near a planet)...anything but an unconnected drawing!

CONVERSATION was far too short and is obviously a "make of it what you will" thing. At least you illustrated it. Your own art is rather sketchy, but with good shadows.

AHA! You just had to put that Adkins werefolf in there! Actually, I like it despite what I said about 'plain' illos. This one conveys a scenario, one familiar to horror fans everywhere. A really excellent rendition.

HMM. Your centerfold of the barbarian looks okay, too. Nice ink job. However,I can't help noticing the use of shading and halftones throughout your illoes. Some faneds would give their index fingers for such repro, but you're using it indescrimately. Guess that's the advantage of doing your own printing, Ah, well....you did a good job on that inking.

They say a storyteller should be judged by how much of a reaction he gets from his readers. Well, Rick McCollum has inspired a reaction with his GODSMEET, but it's not what he had in mind, I'll bet. The art is capable, the writing suitable in most spots, and the prodression gives us an expression of the artist's feelings. I was intrigued by the staging of the three-way meet between "Gods". The introduction was flawless, and I found myself wondering where the tale was going to go. Who is the Cosmic Balance? What will come of this meeting? Then we find that there is no story at all! 'Simply the destruction of "fabricated" gods. Afterpage 19, I found myself trying to figure the symbolism out of it...why would Death win when both the protaganists were forces of life? Shades of Thanos! Then I turned the page and read the "message by McCollum". Sheer unadulterated social dissatisfaction. And here he is justifying it with (of all things) a strip in a fanzine! He comes off like Robert Crumb (the original paranoiac, if you don't know). He states his views as if they were accepted facts, All I can say is...he must be awfully insecure to be driven to lambast both religion (a guiding force for good, if nothing else) and the "destiny" of man that is life itself. Does he accept death as the sole force of the universe? Does he justify his view by saying he is responsible to no one else but himself? Is he an entity in his own right, independent of others???

Well, I must admit some perturbation at the actions of many "religious" groups. Those who formerly sought war against heathens and competitive religions now seek to "scare" people with the "rapture" concept. True, they are justifying themselves, even as Rick does. But the sensible thing is to ignore beliefs and opinions that you cannot accept, not lambast that group or this one for holding views contrary to your own.

Well, I got a little carried away with myself. Guess I'm just irked by his approach and the "platform" fandom provides for such views. I'd like to see what would happen if he met up with Brian Bruniak, who I've heard is some sort of "Jesus Freak" and anti-Satanist. On with the Loc: the remainder of the illos are uninspired (pages 21, 22, 23). What is that brief paragraph on the "spectre" who battles obscene evils? Sounds like some sort of god-fantasy in itself. Does PREVIEW mean we will see a story based on this?

Did anybody else note your use of all five standard colors in your print stock??? I think it adds something to the publication, a

little flair missing from other zines. (Mainly due to costs: up 15% more for color stock! Another benefit of self-printing.)

Ghod! Didja ever see such verbosity by a faned who complains about not having any time to do fanac???

Don Fortier
DPCFR
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Kenner, LA 70063

** As they say in the faned's handbook, if at first you don't succeed, try the letter pages. That's my primary defense of this overly lengthy letters section: If I can't have the material that I want, I can still keep things going here. So, even if you don't like or have any feelings on this issue, at least send in your own cosmic thoughts. On with the mundane topics first.....

"Odyssey" was written for possible inclusion in a short story collection dealing with the fate of the satellite and it's social consequences (if any) due to the placque it was bearing. I came up with the idea myself, but apparently someone beat me to it. The story wasn't a technical essay, and I'm into art for its own sake, so I felt that a symbolic illo would be more appropriate. Halftones are used because I can do them. Sometimes the color stock is used to 'get rid of it'!!! I do like the flair that they add. The unnamed 'spectre' on the inside back cover may indeed be popping up in the future with its own cosmic statement. Perhaps I too quickly glossed over "Godsmeet"'s faults because of my sympathy with some of Rick's views. At the time I was a violent atheist, and currently I'm more satisfied with the world and myself along with the realization of the basis of all doctrines. Everything could have some validity, and I primarily disagree with the methodology of it all. I guess that you could call me a thoughtful agnostic these days.

I don't know whether Rick intended to be for death, against religion, or both. Om some counts, death could be considered the ultimate force, whether you believe in an afterlife or not. Remember, 'entropy' is the principle of maximum randomness, and therefore the very existence of mankind defies this. We grew from birth gaining our identity by circumstances stemming from, affected by, and acted upon by our physical being. Are we really mere products of chance and environment? If so, then there is a type of fate, and death is the final step. We, as far as we know, came from no identity and we end that way. Do we only gain eternity when we shed our ego, or is it the ego itself that allows us to exist? Strangely enough, I feel these ideas could both support or contradict historical religious doctrine.

As for you fellow heretics out there who are not on the depressing fatalistic deathtrip and believe in- or hope for- a scientific afterlife, don't be so secure. (Heh, heh, heh.) Documented cases of astral forms and experiences of those legally dead but then revived are intriguing, but inconclusive. Is the idea they supposedly validate merely an illusion of the subconcious mind?

Religion as you said is a driving force for good if nothing else, but what is the comparison between individual and social needs? And so forth. I'm not out to destroy religion, but to dissect theology realizing its valid and void elements in order to synthesize my personal satisfactory answer. Let's have your comments and criticisms of this issue, and hopefully I can carry out my intent in these letterpage discussions if not in actual zine content.

-- I just read over EC again for the fifth time and I must say it's better than GX #2, probably because it contains a lot more fiction and a lot more dood artwork. Your Odyssey story was competent and well thought out, but you have to admit that ending is slightly worn out by now. The artwork on "Faded Love" was passable and very well laid out. "Godsmeet" was overly pretentious, though it was a good idea for a story. What McCollum gave us was a religious fable with an angry lecture tacked on at the end.

Robert Castellano
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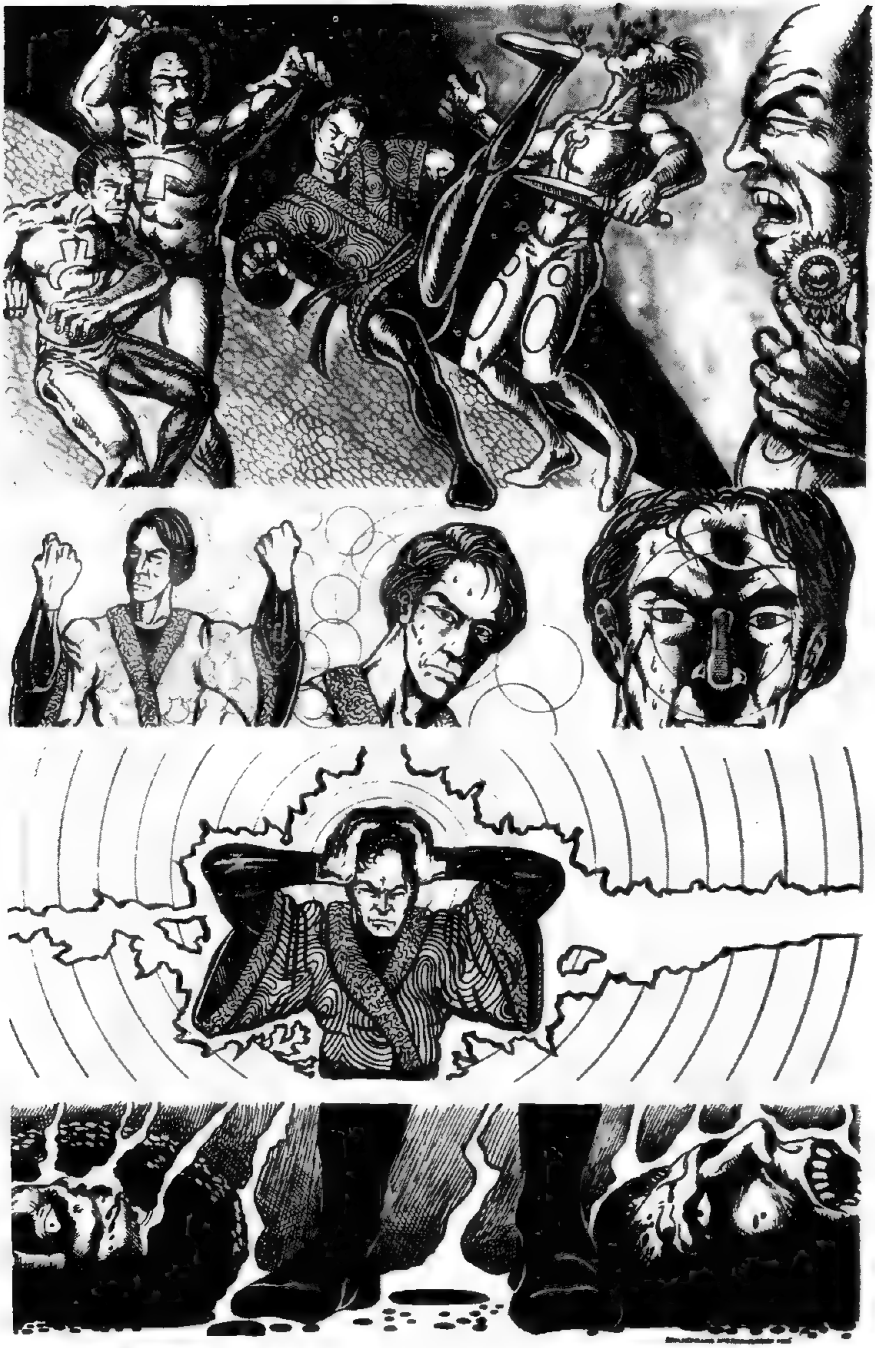
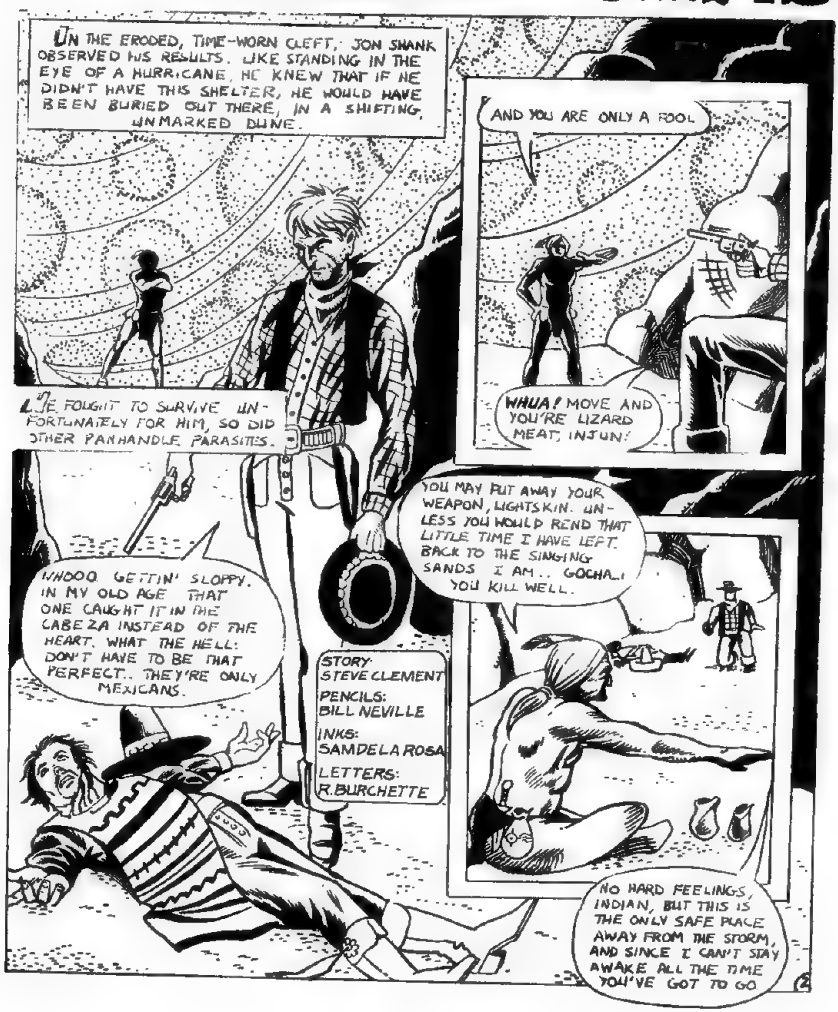
Bayville, N.J.
08721

** All I can say is that it's a lucky thing I had your letter to fill this space or else I would have been hard put for some clever manner in which to inflict my art on readers!!!



THE PANHANDLE IN 1837, IT WAS THE ROUGHEST SPOT WEST OF THE ROCKIES. A DRY BARREN STRETCH OF LAND, NOT FIT FOR MAN OR ANIMAL
INDIAN COUNTRY, TOO. BUT IF YOU WANTED TO REACH MEXICO IN LESS THAN A COUPLE OF MONTHS, YOU HAD TO CROSS IT SOMEPLACE, JON SHANK DID, CURSING THE LASHING DUST STORM AS HE WENT.
THIS STORM IS GOOD COVER TO MOVE BY, BUT IT'S GETTIN' WORSE. THOSE FOOTHILLS LOOK PRETTY INVITING. THINK WE'LL CHECK 'EM OUT, LOAL.
AI! GET READY, AMIGO! JUST A FEW MORE MOMENTS!
KILL THE GRINGO! AAI! IT'S A DUMMY!
BAM!
KAPOW!
KRAK!
KAPOW!
WHINNEE!!
DAMN ROCK-RATS! LET'S SEE HOW YOU CAN TAKE IT!
KRAK! KRAK! BLAM!
YARRR!!
GGAAAAAAAA...

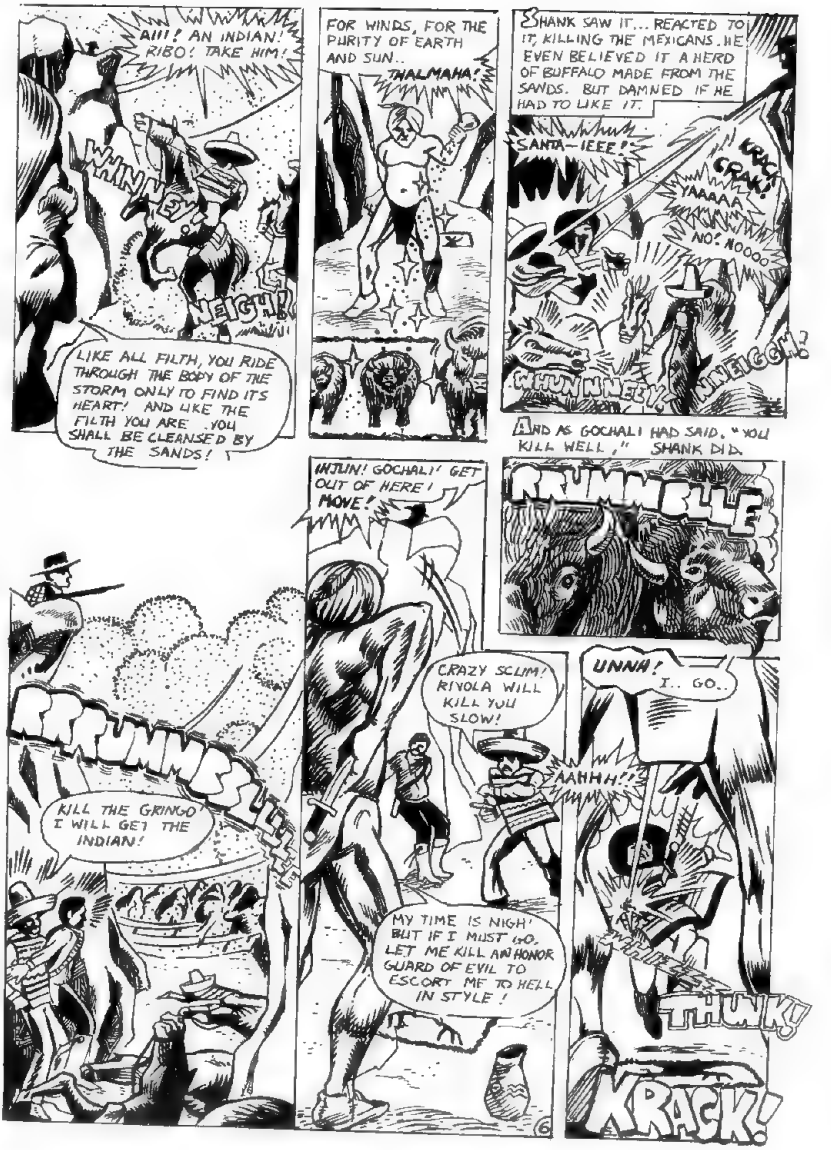
THE HORNS OF SAND


UN THE ERODED, TIME-WORN CLEFT, JON SHANK OBSERVED HIS RESULTS. LIKE STANDING IN THE EYE OF A HURRICANE. HE KNEW THAT IF HE DIDN'T HAVE THIS SHELTER, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN BURIED OUT THERE, IN A SHIFTING, UNMARKED DUNE.
AND YOU ARE ONLY A FOOL
WHUA! MOVE AND YOU'RE LIZARD MEAT, INJUN!
WE FOUGHT TO SURVIVE UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM, SO DID OTHER PANHANDLE PARASITES.
YOU MAY PUT AWAY YOUR WEAPON, LIGHTSKIN. UNLESS YOU WOULD REND THAT LITTLE TIME I HAVE LEFT. BACK TO THE SINGING SANDS I AM... GOCHA! YOU KILL WELL.
WHOOO. GETTIN' SLOPPY. IN MY OLD AGE THAT ONE CAUGHT IT IN THE CABEZA INSTEAD OF THE HEART. WHAT THE HELL: DON'T HAVE TO BE THAT PERFECT.. THEY'RE ONLY MEXICANS.
STORY: STEVE CLEMENT
PENCILS: BILL NEVILLE
INKS: SAM DE LA ROSA
LETTERS: R. BURCHETTE
NO HARD FEELINGS, INDIAN, BUT THIS IS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE AWAY FROM THE STORM, AND SINCE I CAN'T STAY AWAKE ALL THE TIME YOU'VE GOT TO GO.
2

LIKE ALL PEOPLE, YOU THINK BECAUSE YOU FLAUNT POWER YOU HAVE POWER. THAT'S A TERRIBLE MISTAKE THAT WILL SOMEDAY CAUSE YOUR DEATH.
UH-HUH. RIGHT. WELL, GOOD-BYE, GOCHICKI OR WHATEVER YOU CALLED YOURSELF.
UHHH! YOU DAMN SAVAGE! YOUR CUTE TRICKS AREN'T GOING TO SAVE YOU! I'M...
YOU TALK TOO MUCH, PALE ONE.
MY- MY GUN! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GRAB... BUT. YOU DON'T HAVE IT! I'D SEE IT IF YOU DID!
SIT. LISTEN TO THE SANDS BEYOND AND DO NOT WORRY YOUR MIND, FOR IT CANNOT COMPREHEND WHAT IT DOES NOT BELIEVE. HOWEVER, I WILL SHOW YOU.
YOU BURIED IT!
NO, FOOLISH MAN. I GAVE IT TO THE SANDS IT IS A GAME WE OFTEN PLAY. BUT, IF I WANT IT...
...IT GIVES IT BACK! SANCHA, FATHER SAND!
GOOD. YOU WILL WATCH GOCHALI AND PERHAPS EVEN LEARN SOMETHING. YOU SEE THIS? A PAINTING MADE OF DIFFERENT COLORED SANDS. TRUE BEAUTY AND WISDOM IF ONE ONLY KNOWS HOW TO USE IT. GOCHALI KNOWS
NO! YOU CAN'T... IT'S NOT POSSIBLE...
PWHAG! YOU SICKEN ME, PALESKIN! BECAUSE YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN IT DONE BEFORE, YOU LET IGNORANCE RUN YOUR LIFE. I AM NOT IMMUNE TO DEATH'S DARK TOUCH. KILL ME, IF THE TRUTH SCARES YOU SO.

I AIN'T GONNA KILL YOU, GOLHALI. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU DID THAT... BUT YOU DID DO IT. I'M NOT BLIND.
YOU HAVE MADE A MUCH WISER CHOICE THAN YOU KNOW, MAN. NOW FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING.
THEY CALL ME SHANK.
THIS WAY... WHITESKIN.
HOLD IT A MINUTE! HOW DO I KNOW YOU WON'T TRY TO KILL ME JUST BECAUSE I DIDN'T KILL YOU? MOST INDIANS ARE TREACHEROUS, LYING, DEVIOUS PRAIRIE DOGS!
BECAUSE, LIKE MOST WHITESKINS, YOU ARE UNTRUSTWORTHY, FEARFUL, WEAK OF MIND, AND A FOOL, I WILL ANSWER YOUR QUESTION. AND YOUR INSULT.
THIS IS WHY I DO NOT BATTLE YOU. BEHOLD... THE LAIR OF THE VIPER
WOW! A REGULAR HIDE-OUT, HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. I COUNT HALF A DOZEN BUNKS AND THERE'S ONLY TWO BODIES OUT THERE. WHERE ARE THE REST?
AWAY. BUT THEY WILL RETURN SHORTLY. THAT IS WHY YOU NEED NOT FEAR ME. I SEE YOU AS THE LESSER OF VARYING EVILS. THE TWO YOU KILLED WERE MERE DESERT WASTE. THE SIX WHO DISGRACE THESE HILLS ARE YET TO RETURN.

LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF! THIS IS THE HOME OF THE SERABA RAIDERS, THE ONES WHO LOOT SMALL CAMPS AND RANCHES FOR WHATEVER THEY CAN FIND. THEY HAVE A POLICY OF..... NOT LEAVING ANY WITNESSES.
ALL OF A SUDDEN I DON'T TRUST YOU, INJUN. WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE THIS STUFF? AND WHY DIDN'T THEY KILL YOU? UNLESS
YOU ARE SO NAIVE, LIGHTHIDE. NO, I DO NOT WORK FOR THE DUST MOTES, AND THEY DO NOT KNOW OF ME. I AM GOCHALI OF THE SANDS, AND I AM NOT SEEN IF I CHOOSE NOT TO BE.
I GIVE YOU A CHOICE, WHITESKIN!
I WILL AID YOU, AND TOGETHER WE WILL DESTROY THESE DE-FILERS OF MY FATHERS SANDS AND YOU MAY TAKE THEIR ILL-RECEIVED BAUBLES..
OR YOU MAY FACE ME NOW, AGAIN TO THE DEATH!
I AIN'T NEVER MET AN INDIAN LIKE YOU BEFORE, GOCHALI. OKAY, YOU'RE ON. LET'S GET TO IT. I GOT A FEW SURPRISES I WANT TO SET UP FOR THE SERABA GANG.
AS DO I.. SHANK.
..THANKS.
SOME TIME LATER..
HEY! WHAT IN THE SEVEN SALOONS OF SACRAMENTO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? KICK THOSE THINGS INTO THE DIRT AND GET OUT OF HERE. YOU WANT TO GIVE ME AWAY?
I WOULD BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU AWAY, IF ONLY I KNEW SOMEONE WILLING TO TAKE YOU. THE WINDS TELL ME THEY ARE ALMOST HERE. DO NOT START FIRING UNTIL I HAVE DESTROYED MOST OF THEM
ARE YOU LOCO!? GET OUT OF...
TOO LATE!!


AII!! AN INDIAN! RIBO! TAKE HIM!
WHINNEY
NEIGH!
LIKE ALL FILTH, YOU RIDE THROUGH THE BODY OF THE STORM ONLY TO FIND ITS HEART! AND LIKE THE FILTH YOU ARE, YOU SHALL BE CLEANSED BY THE SANDS!
FOR WINDS, FOR THE PURITY OF EARTH AND SUN..
THALMAHA!
SHANK SAW IT... REACTED TO IT, KILLING THE MEXICANS. HE EVEN BELIEVED IT A HERD OF BUFFALO MADE FROM THE SANDS. BUT DAMNED IF HE HAD TO LIKE IT.
SANTA—IEEE!
URK!
CRAK!
YAAAA
NO! NOOOO
WHUNNNEEY!
NNEIGGH!
AND AS GOCHALI HAD SAID, "YOU KILL WELL," SHANK DID.
RRUMMBLLE
HIJUN! GOCHALI! GET OUT OF HERE! MOVE!
RRUMMBLLE
KILL THE GRINGO I WILL GET THE INDIAN!
CRAZY SCUM! RIYOLA WILL KILL YOU SLOW!
MY TIME IS NIGH! BUT IF I MUST GO, LET ME KILL AN HONOR GUARD OF EVIL TO ESCORT ME TO HELL IN STYLE!
UNNH!
I.. GO..
AAHHH!?
THUNK!
KRACK!

GOCHALI!
GOCHALI THE SAND PAINTER PASSED AWAY IN A BRIEF FLASH OF MOTION, WITH NOTHING TO MARK HIS PASSING BUT A CORPSE RIDDEN BAND OF DESERT WASTE.
ARRGGH!
YOU KILL MY MEN, WHITE BOY, BUT SERABA, HE IS STILL ALIVE TO RETURN THE FAVOR! HA!
BLAM!
NO! AKKK!
SERABA. YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
DAMN THOSE MEX! HE WAS ONLY AN INJUN, BUT ANY ONE OF HIM WOULD HAVE MADE A HUNDRED OF THEM.
UNNHHH!
BLAM!
YOU TREACHEROUS, GIZZARD-SUCKING SON OF A SAND RAT! NOW YOU'LL STAY DEAD!
BLAM!

DEAD YOU HAD A SHARP TONGUE, GOCHALI...
...I THINK I'M GONNA MISS IT.
NOW! NOW I WILL KILL YOU DEAD!
CLICK
EMPTY.
I'M GONNA JOIN YOU SOONER.
...THAN I THOUGHT GOCHALI...
...UNLESS...
NOW I WILL...
UMPH!
YOU'LL DIE, SERABA. JUST DIE.
LATER, WITH BANDAGED AND THROBBING WOUNDS SHANK DUG ONE SHALLOW GRAVE.
YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY HERE, GOCHALI. YOU'RE ONE WITH YOUR SAND... FOREVER.
AND AS LONG AS THE WIND BLEW, SHANK WAS SURE THAT GOCHALI'S LAUGH WAS ECHOING THROUGHOUT THE PANHANDLE, WITH A SATISFACTION SHANK WOULD NEVER, NEVER KNOW.
END

THE YELLOW FLOWER
By Frank Watson

Seymor Dunn had a lousy childhood; his adulthood wasn't that great either, which was why he was zapping around a star system hundreds of light years from Earth in a one-man star ship. He preferred to be alone.

Dunn leaned back in his padded seat, comfortable, flicking the controls, agilely slipping between the asteroids, thinking about the 1974 World Series. He had seen Henry Aaron hit his 715th home run on April 8 of that year and wished the Braves could have made it to the series (Dunn was from Milwaukee.)

The asteroids circling the sun seemed to be baseballs, and Dunn slid coolly through, over, around. He had liked baseball and he could not help but admire the way the Oakland A's played the game. He liked their mustaches well enough to grow one like them: a big handlebar.

It was a good enough mustache. He could have made it too the big leagues, but decided instead to try outer space (what a quaint term! he thought.)

How quaint, indeed! The shock cause him to nearly hit a piece of the orbitting metal. It took him a good 30 seconds to bring the ship back to the single flower growing on the lump of black metal, so badly was the ship out of control. The flower shone gold.

Dunn stepped off the ship.

"Welcome to my domain!" the flower spoke in soft tones.

Dunn was puzzled.

How did a flower get in his mind?

"Your life has no purpose," the flower spoke again. "Pick me, select me, caress me with kind words and a smile. Give me to an ugly girl and make her a princess! You know the girl! You know the miracle you can do!"

Yes, he did.

"The one waiting by your bed, wanting to join you so bad, but waiting, waiting until you show some life. She has sat there for weeks and months, waiting. Waiting for you to give me to her."

Dunn stared a moment longer.

And walked back to the ship. He knew it was unreal. It was his dream. Why should he listen to a yellow flower?

"One more step and it's too late."

Dunn ignored the flower.

On the ship in his inner space once more, he pushed the button for reading material and got a new fanzine, Full of fine art. "Hmm.. ..." Dunn thought, "is the nature of religious belief suitable for fanzine discussion? Or will it be treated too simplistically?"

But Dunn had no chance to discuss the question further. When nobody was looking, the ugly girl/now doomed to remain ugly for eternity, pulled the plug, and he died, with a yellow flower by his bed.

Did he find God?

Don't ask me.

I'm not even a singer in a rock and roll band.

IT IS MORNING IN MANHATTAN--AND ANOTHER BUSINESS DAY HAS BEGUN.
WHILE THE CITY HOUSES MANY DIFFERENT PEOPLE WHO HOLD A VARIETY OF JOBS, MONDAY MORNINGS HOLD ONE COMMON DENOMINATOR FOR THEM ALL:
EVERYONE IS IN A HURRY!
THE MAN RACING DOWN THE HALL IS ROBERT 'BUD' KING, MANAGER AND CONFIDANTE TO ONE OF THE GLOBE'S MOST EXCITING INDIVIDUALS -- HELIOS!
HELIOS INC
SAMUEL JAMES MARONIE - WRITER/EDITOR
WILLIAM NEVILLE - PENCILLER
RICK BURCHETT - INKS/LETTERS
AN INTERFAN PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCEMENT
POLICY
HELIOS,...
MR DAVID D BOREMUS
FOR KING HANDLES THE BUSINESS AFFAIRS OF THIS MERCENARY SUPER-BEING--A MAN WHO HAS INVESTED THE USE OF HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWERS INTO A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR ENTERPRISE!
MORNING, BUD! AWFULLY NICE OF YOU TO SHOW UP TODAY!
DREADFULLY SORRY I'M LATE, DAVE! BUT THE BLASTED ALARM DIDN'T GO OFF THIS MORNING AND--
WELL, I SEE YOU DIDN'T BUZZ IN HERE COMPLETELY UNPREPARED. YOU'RE CLUTCHING THAT FOLDER LIKE IT HAD THIS MONTH'S PAY-CHECK!
DAVE, I TOOK A QUICK GLANCE AT THE WEEKEND MESSAGES AND CAME ACROSS SOMETHING OF IMPORTANCE. EVER HEARD OF FREDRIC LASZLOW--THE ANTHROPOLOGIST?
LASZLOW... LASZLOW... THAT NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR! ISN'T HE THE GUY WHO COMPILES ALL THOSE TV DOCUMENTARIES?
CORRECT! HERE - I HAD THE RESEARCH BOYS PUT THIS TOGETHER FOR YOU! THESE CLIPPINGS SHOULD FILL YOU IN ON THE DETAILS!
NOTHING BUT A COLLECTION OF OLD NEWSPAPER STORIES ABOUT SOME EXPEDITION TO THE EASTER ISLANDS! BIG DEAL!
I RECEIVED AN URGENT TELEGRAM FROM LASZLOW'S CAMP, REQUESTING YOUR SUPER-POWERED SELF FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS! I THOUGHT PERHAPS...

WELL, YOU THOUGHT WRONG! BUSINESS HAS BEEN GOOD LATELY, AND I'D LIKE TO TAKE SOME TIME OFF FOR RELAXATION!
I THINK YOU'RE BEING RATHER HASTY! LASZLOW IS TOPS IN HIS FIELD! MOST MEN WOULD CONSIDER IT AN HONOR TO WORK WITH HIM!
DAVE, THINK OF THE GOOD PR. WE'LL GET FROM A JOB LIKE THIS! GOD KNOWS THE D.A. HAS BEEN AFTER OUR HIDES FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS!
...BESIDES LASZLOW'S OFFERED TRIPLE OUR NORMAL FEE IF YOU COME IMMEDIATELY!
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! -YOU WIN! TELL HIM I'LL BE THERE TOMORROW MORNING -- THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO! BUT THIS BETTER BE WORTH THE EFFORT!
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I HATE TAKING 'BLIND' ASSIGNMENTS ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL LEARN MY LESSON -- THE HARD WAY!
NONSENSE! THIS IS THE SMARTEST MOVE WE'VE MADE ALL MONTH! YOU'RE GETTING ALL HOT AND BOTHERED OVER NOTHING!
HELIOS INC
PICKY! FOR A HUNDRED GRAND I'D LEARN TO EAT THE DOG FOOD!
OH YEAH? LAST TIME YOU SAID THAT, I FOUND MYSELF TRAPPED INTO ENDORSING DOG FOOD FOR THE NEXT YEAR!
AS THE LIGHT OF THE NEXT MORNINGS DAWN SPLINTERS THROUGH THE GRIMY CITY CLOUDS, A COLORFUL FIGURE STREAKS ACROSS THE SKY LIKE A HUMAN THUNDERBOLT!
UP-UPWARD HE TRAVELS TOWARD THE NEW DAYS SUN. HELIOS IS DRAWN TO THE FLAMING ORB AS A MOTH TO A LIGHT!
HELIOS INC
FOR DAVID DOREMUS IS LINKED TO EARTH'S FIERY STAR WITH AN UNBREAKABLE BOND! AND WITHOUT THIS DAILY RITUAL, HE WOULD FADE, LIKE THE SHADOWS ON A SUNDIAL, AWAY!

HELIOS' MIND TRAVELS BACK TO HIS DAYS AS OWNER AND 'BOY WONDER' OF DOREMUS ELECTRONICS, WHEN PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO EXPERIMENTAL SOLAR RADIATION BATTERIES DOOMED HIM TO WHAT APPEARED AN EARLY DEATH!
FORCED INTO ISOLATION TO AVOID CONTAMINATING HIS FELLOW MEN, DOREMUS DEVOTED HIMSELF TO INTENSIVE RESEARCH, UNTIL AT LAST DEVISING A WAY TO CHECK THE DEADLY RADIATION LEVEL AND CONTROL THE SUN-SPAWNED ENERGIES!
AT LAST HE ESCAPED THIS SELF-IMPOSED EXILE, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT A GROUP OF EXECUTIVE JUDASES HAD WRESTED CONTROL OF HIS INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION -- LEAVING THE YOUTHFUL SCIENTIST A PENNILESS HAS-BEEN!
HARNESSING THE POWERFUL ENERGIES HIS BODY NOW CONTAINED, DOREMUS ASSUMED THE PUBLIC ROLE OF A SUPER-HERO -- BUT WITH A BIG DIFFERENCE! THOSE WHO REQUEST THE SERVICES OF HELIOS -- HIS NEW ALTER-EGO -- MUST PAY! AND THE MERCENARY'S GOODS DO NOT COME CHEAPLY!

AT FIRST HELIOS FOUND HIS NEW LIFE FUN... THRILLING-- BUT THESE FEELINGS WERE SOON REPLACED WITH A SENSE OF EXTREME BOREDOM
AND AS DOREMUS STREAKS ACROSS THE PACIFIC, HE EXPERIENCES NO EXCITEMENT, BUT ONLY A DEEP-ROOTED ENNUI
BUT SUCH LOFTY THOUGHTS ARE PUT ASIDE, AS HELIOS ARRIVES AT LASZLOW'S ISLAND CAMP...
DR. LASZLOW! I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM NEWSPAPER PHOTOS! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?
WHAT AMAZING SPEED! I NEVER EXPECTED YOU SO SOON, MR. DOREMUS! REPORTS OF YOUR POWERS WERE CERTAINLY NOT EXAGGERATED!
THANKS, BUT I'M SURE WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DISCUSS THAN FAN-CLUB NOTICES!
PERHAPS IF WE GO IN MY HUT I CAN SHOW YOU THE PROBLEM, BETTER THAN TRYING TO EXPLAIN!
SOON, INSIDE THE SCIENTIST'S ISLAND QUARTERS...
DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE? I SHOULD THINK NOT, BECAUSE THE DESIGN AND MARKINGS BELONG TO NO KNOWN PEOPLES OF THIS EARTH!
THE WHOLE NIGHTMARE STARTED SEVERAL WEEKS AGO-- I HAD SENT OUT A DIVER TO RECOVER SOME UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT.
I NEVER EXPECTED THAT I WOULD BE THE LAST TIME ANY OF US WOULD SEE HIM ALIVE
...OR IN ONE PIECE!
LIKE AGAIN IT HAPPENED TO MY UNDERSEA CREW-- BUTCHERED LIKE SWINE! ONLY THE LAST TIME THIS WEAPON WAS RAMMED THROUGH THE MAN'S GUTS!
NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT THOROUGHLY SPOOKED THE NATIVE WORKERS--
--AND I MIGHT ADD MYSELF, AS WELL!

MMMM! SO YOU EXPECT SOME UNKNOWN THING IS DISMEMBERING YOUR RESEARCH TEAM--AND MY JOB IS TO HUNT IT DOWN!
YES! I NOTED THE SIMILARITIES, BUT THIS SUDDEN WINDFALL OF ARTIFACTS HAS ME COMPLETELY STYMIED!
ODD--THAT GLOWING JEWEL HAS WRITING SIMILAR TO THAT OF THE SPEAR-HANDLE!
YET ONE THING WE DO KNOW FOR SURE--THE CREATURE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS PIG-STICKER IS OBVIOUSLY OF HIGH INTELLIGENCE...
AND QUITE SAVAGE!
AFTER FURTHER BRIEFING, HELIOS SCOURS THE ATLANTIC IN HOPES OF FINDING LASZLOW'S UNKNOWN ATTACKER.
A PULSING ENERGY SHIELD WILL PROTECT DOREMUS AGAINST THE CRUSHING OCEAN PRESSURE AND, HE PRAYS, THE FORCE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDERED EXPLORERS.
AFTER LONG HOURS OF FRUSTRATION, THE SOLAR SENTINEL IS ON THE VERGE OF ABANDONING HIS SEARCH WHEN...
A GIRL! AND A DAMNED PRETTY ONE AT THAT! THOUGH SHE'S NOTHING LIKE ANYONE'S EVER SEEN BEFORE!
SHE GLIDES SILKILY TOWARD DOREMUS, OUTSTRETCHED ARMS REVEAL A SCANTILY-CLAD FORM, PROVING THAT THE GIRL IS INDEED QUITE UNARMED!
DAVID'S MUSCLES TENSE WITH ANTICIPATION. SURE THIS LOVELY CREATURE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BRUTAL SLAYING OF LASZLOW'S MEN.
THEY SAY THAT ONE GOOD SURPRISE DESERVES ANOTHER...
--AND THIS CASE IS NO EXCEPTION!
SHEE-OOT!! TRIPLE SALARY --AND FRINGE BENEFITS, BESIDES!!
BUT INTO EACH LIFE...

...A LITTLE RAIN MUST FALL!
OOOHH!!
...EXCEPT IN THIS CASE IT FALLS RATHER HARD
WITH THE FORCE-SHIELD ABSORBING THE BRUNT OF THE BLOW, HELIOS GROGGILY SINKS TO HIS KNEES--
BY XIXA'S SCEPTRE! THE SURFACE DWELLER YET LIVES!! THE FORCE OF THAT SWING SHOULD HAVE DASHED THE BRAINS FROM HIS SKULL!!
YOU'RE BREAKING MY ARM, YOU BARBARIC CLOD!
RZHT!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DIVERSION HELIOS LEAPS INTO ACTION
YOU HEARD THE LADY, FISH-FACE...
GET YOUR CLAWS OFF!!
THOUGH ANY MONSTERS WHO CARVE MEN UP LIKE THANKSGIVING TURKEYS...
--AREN'T EXPECTED TO BE VERY NICE TO WOMEN!
EVEN IF THEY ARE OF THE SAME RACE!!
BUT THE AQUATIC INVADERS ARE QUICK TO RETALIATE!
UNGH!
TO ME, GHIDA! QUICKLY! EMPLOY ONE OF THE ALTERNATE WEAPONS BEFORE HE RECOVERS!
THIS OMNI-CAPSULE SHOULD KEEP HIM SEDATED UNTIL WE'VE FINISHED OUR QUESTIONING!

AS YOUR MIND GROWS NUMB, SURFACE-MAN, I WILL REVEAL THE STORY OF OUR HUNDRED YEAR QUEST--
"IN THE DOMED CITY OF K'NATH K'NALL WE HAVE LIVED IN PEACEFUL ISOLATION FROM THE LAND-DWELLERS FOR MILLENNIA..."
"ONE DAY A VIRULENT PLAGUE SWEPT RAPIDLY THRU THE LAND, PLACING NEARLY ALL CITIZENS INTO A DEATH-LIKE COMA!"
"LEGENDS SPOKE OF A SIMILAR AFFLICTION, FOR WHICH THE HEALING RAYS OF A FORGOTTEN JEWEL PROVIDED A REMEDY."
"BEING AMONG THE FEW OF THE POPULACE LEFT UNTAINTED, WE WERE SENT TO AN ANCIENT DALEAN TEMPLE SITE TO RECOVER THIS CURATIVE ORB..."
"WHILE OUR MISSION WAS SUCCESSFUL, A GEOLOGIC CALAMITY SEALED US THREE IN A CREVICE, WHERE WE FELL TO THE SLEEPING DOOM..."
"FORTUNATELY, A RECENT LAND UPHEAVAL FREED US FROM THE CURSE SLUMBER. OUR CHRONOIDS INDICATED WE HAVE LAIN DORMANT FOR OVER A CENTURY. THO SOMEHOW THE PRECIOUS STONE HAD BECOME LOST FROM OUR POSESSION."
"EXPLORATION BY YOUR PEOPLE HAVE THREATENED OUR ANONYMITY. THUS ONLY BY ELIMINATING THOSE SPYING HUMANS HAVE WE KEPT A SECRET EXISTENCE--"
"A MEASURE, I FEAR WE MUST TAKE WITH YOURSELF, AS WELL!"
AND SO, MY DEAR AZA, SINCE IT WAS THE VISION OF YOUR LOVLINESS WHICH LURED THE INTRUDER INTO OUR HANDS--
--THE PRIVILEGE OF HIS EXECUTION BELONGS TO YOU!

KILLING THIS AIR-BREATHER MEANS THE SOONER SHE MAY RETURN TO HER PEOPLE--THE SOONER SHE RETURNS TO HER ROLE OF PLAYTHING AND CHILD-BEARER....
FOR IN ADVANCED K'NATH KNALL SHE IS NO MORE THAN MERCHANDISE--TO BE BARTERED OR SOLD, LOANED OR RENTED!
BUT STRANGER THO HE MAY BE HELIOS HAS TREATED HER WITH PROTECTION--RESPECT--AND IF FOR NO OTHER REASON BUT THIS, AZA REALIZES SHE CANNOT DESTROY HIM!
HIS ENERGIES RENEWED BY THE SHORT BREAK IN THE ACTION, HELIOS LAUNCHES A SOLAR BOLT...
...AND, THIS TIME, HE MAKES IT STICK!
GOTCHA! IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT YOU KEEP BAD COMPANY...
--AND, BESIDES, DOLL, I OWE YOU ONE!
SEEING THAT SHE IS SAFELY OUT OF THE WAY-
THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!
OF COURSE! BARAG-ON'S MIND PROBE MUST HAVE REVEALED THE LOCATION OF THAT MISSING JEWEL!
AOREMUS RACES MADLY THRU THE OCEAN DEPTHS, ONLY SPLIT SECONDS BEHIND BARAGON AND GHIDA!
"...AND THAT MEANS LASZLOW'S LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A PLUG SEA-SHELL!"

RACING BACK TO THE SCIENTIST'S HUT, DOREMUS FINDS HIMSELF...
TOO LATE! THE MONSTERS CARVED HIM INTO A DOZEN PIECES!
INSIDE LASZLOW'S OFFICE-
THE JEWEL IS GONE-- AND SO ARE THEY!
GOT TO HURRY BEFORE THOSE TWO REACH THE OCEAN AND LOSE ME!
AS THE WARLORDS RUSH TOWARD THEIR NATURAL ELEMENT, THE WEIGHT OF THE AGES SEEMS TO BEAR DOWN UPON THEM...
...THE VERY FLESH BEGINS TO PEEL FROM THEIR BONES, BONES THAT CRUMBLE INTO SO MUCH DUST!
UNTIL ALL THAT IS LEFT ARE TWO HEAPS OF SHAPELESS RAGS!
...FROM WHICH THE PULSATING RED ORB ROLLS DETERMINEDLY INTO THE OCEAN CURRENT
AND WHEN HELIOS ALIGHTS AT THE GRISLY SCENE-
GHASTLY! RADIATION FROM THAT JEWEL MUST HAVE REACTED TO THE MALADY--CAUSING THEM TO AGE FOR ALL THOSE YEARS SPENT ASLEEP UNDERWATER!
SUDDENLY, DOREMUS REMEMBERS-
THE GIRL! IF AZA COMES ANYWHERE NEAR THIS AREA...
SHE'LL BECOME A SKELETON, AS WELL!
HE SEARCHES DESPERATELY FOR THE JEWEL AND THE GIRL, HOPING THAT ONE HAS NOT YET STUMBLED ON THE OTHER!

AFTER ENDLESS HOURS OF SEARCH, HELIOS REALIZES HE HAS LOST THE GIRL -- FOREVER!
STEELING HIS MIND AGAINST THE BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT, DOREMUS STREAKS FOR THE AUSTRAILIAN MAINLAND.
Y'KNOW, SUPER-JERK, YOU GOT A MIGHTY STRANGE TASTE IN WOMEN--
FIRST THIS GAL ACTS AS BAIT IN A TRAP--THEN YOU START FALLING FOR HER!
MAYBE ALL THAT TIME IN SOLITARY MADE YOU A LITTLE WIERD.
LATER IN THE NEW YORK OFFICES OF HELIOS INC.
HELIOS
INC
DAVID! WHERE ON EARTH ARE YOU? DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FUMBLED THE ASSIGNMENT!
JUST HOPE LASZLOW PAID HIS FEE IN ADVANCE! I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE WRITING ANY MORE CHECKS FOR A LONG, LONG WHILE
...DON'T ASK! YOU'LL GET A FULL REPORT IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS WHEN I RETURN!
OH... I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE THAT VACATION AFTER ALL--
NO PLACE IN PARTICULAR. I JUST NEED SOME TIME ... ALONE ... FOR A WHILE...
...SOMETIMES THESE JOBS JUST AREN'T WORTH THE MONEY.
THE END

Alan Zimacher